Catholic Information

WHAT IS THE MISSION OF A MISSIONARY?

Once there was a bunch of men who went forth to convert the world to Christianity. These men knew exactly what their mission was; for Christ had said to them personally: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son; and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" (Matt. 28:19-20).

They knew full well that the truth of their teaching was guaranteed, for the Master had said: "He that heareth you, heareth me" (Luke 10:16).

And so they went forth on their humanly impossible mission with a forgetfulness of self and a singleness of purpose which resulted in the loss of their lives and the conversion of the ancient world.

Today in "most every land there are Catholic missionary priests—about 12,000 all told—each following Christ's command: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark 16:15)—each teaching the exact same divine truths that Peter and Paul and the other Apostles had preached—each aware of his God-given powers by succession, for our Blessed Lord had said: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. 28:20).

And so the Catholic missionary of today carries, on his Christian mission of teaching, preaching converting, baptising; and so it will be throughout the ages until there shall be "one Fold and one Shepherd."

The truth connot hurt anyone. The truth about things Catholic is what we are attempting to give in these articles—and that is all.

If it's anything Catholic, ask a Catholic!

The Redemptorist Fathers
St. John Mission House
617 East Main Street
Carlisle, Kentucky

Bath Homemakers Can Food Supply

Despite rising costs of food, Bath county homemakers intend to keep their families well fed during the coming winter, and to that end have canned 90,127 quarts of fruit and tomatoes, 4,021 quarts of meat and 887 packages of fruit and vegetables having been stored.

It is possible for a person to be born in most states at once by standing on a marker that divides Arizona, Utah, New Mexico and Colorado.

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Electric Shaver	18.00
Casting Rod	9.50
Reel	12.50
Tackle Box	2.95
Pocket Knife	1.50
Billfold	1.50
Hand Tool Grinder	3.95
Axe	3.35
Hunting Coat	11.95
Desk Lights	5.95
Radios	19.95 up

GIFTS FOR BOYS

Pocket Knife	$ 1.25
Flashlight	1.25
Wrist Watch	7.50
Pocket Watch	2.25
Cap Pistol	1.00
Electric Train	39.95
Skates	2.85
Sled	3.95
Tricycle	8.95
Football	2.50
Basketball	3.95
Construction Sets	3.95
Bats	1.75
Scout Knife	1.95
Guitar	14.95
Mandolin	14.95
Farmall Cub	
Tractor	1.75
Movie Projectors	15.95

GIFTS FOR WOMEN

Electric Mixer	$29.95
Automatic Toaster	19.90
Set of Silverware	5.95
Set of Dinnerware	4.95
Waffle Iron	9.95
Cory Coffee Maker	5.25
Glass Ovenware	1.00
Electric Iron	9.75
Electric Cooker	12.95
Pressure Cooker	18.85
Pin-Up Lamp	2.49
Electric Churn	18.95
Radio	19.95 up

G. E. Electric
Coffeemaker 17.95
Electric Ironer 54.95

GIFTS FOR GIRLS

Doll Carriages	$ 6.95
Scooters	3.75
Desk Set	19.95
Toy Range	1.95
Doll Furniture	1.00
Doll House	3.95
Doll	1.19
Radios	19.95 up
Doll Beds	2.95
Tricycle	8.95
Bed Lamp	5.95
Doctor Kit	1.00
Tea Sets	.29
Sewing Kit	.98
Pastry Set	1.49
Telephone	1.49
Sled	2.95

GIFTS FOR THE FAMILY

Electric Refrigerator	$319.50
Cabinet Sinks	119.50
Electric Water Heater	161.95
Oil Water Heater	39.50
Record Player	37.30
Electric Washers	114.95

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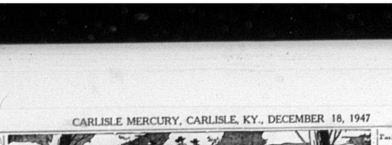

CHAPTER XIII

Still keeping a sharp watch on the cursing trio he moved across to where a massive chest stood against the other wall. Its lid was open and a heavy brass padlock lay on the floor beside it. A bundle of greenbacks formed the top item of the inventory and directly below the money were papers which Terry judged to be the securities that had been mentioned. There was no time for him to take more than a hasty look.

"Steady, compadres," he warned. "I'll still be keeping an eye on your worthless hides when you hear pigeons perch. Don't imagine that it will be any time to make a break."

He unbuttoned his shirt front and squatted beside the chest so that he still faced his prisoners. Then with his left hand he scooped up the money and several packets of papers. He stuffed them in enough so that he felt certain of getting everything which had belonged to Jackson Leonard. Stuffing the lot carefully into his shirt front he stood up and was buttoning the shirt when new footsteps sounded on the stairs.

Two men were talking as they clumbed—one of them was undoubtedly Barlow. Terry could see the white figures of the men below him and he realized that they must expect Barlow to enter the room.

"Keep those elbows straight, Hopes!" he snapped in a low voice. "If those men come in here you'll be the first to stop a bullet. Just remember that I know who murdered old Leonard. Take it easy!"

"But I didn't . . ." Hopes began desperately.

"Shut up! You killed Leonard and I know it. Of course you're not the brains of this outfit but you're the right gunman. I'll take you if I can't get Barlow."

The steps in the hallway had stopped talking now and the fact seemed to mean something to Gronnel. Maybe he felt that they were ready to burst into the room or maybe he had just controlled his hatred as long as possible. At any rate he took advantage of Donovan's apparent attention to Hopes and made his bid for freedom. Throwing himself sideways, he went for his gun, whirling to face Terry as he did so.

Donovan was just as prompt. He drove a hasty shot at Grinnel and jumped for the open window. Instantly the other two were in the fight, their weapons opening out even as they spun away from the wall. The battle was on—and Terry knew better than to stand still and face such odds.

His first spring took him to the window but he emptied his gun as he went, firing twice at Hopes after throwing his first shots at Grinnel. Grunts of pain indicated that he had scored on both targets.

A slug tore at the bulge of his shirt as he threw a leg over the window sill, then the hall door crashed open and new guns added their racket to the already deafening bedlam. Terry flinched as a splinter from the window sash cut a furrow in his chin, then he blasted his last shot into the room and slid out to the sloping awning which covered the alley.

Men were running into the street below while the deep voice of Morgan Hopes was booming pained curses behind him. Slugs whined out through the window in the night but none of the room's occupants seemed disposed to risk himself by sticking his head out.

Donovan gripped for the edge of the awning in the darkness, using the toe for exploring purposes while he jammed fresh cartridges into his six gun. It was going to get plenty hot again in another second or two and he wanted to be ready for whatever was to come.

Willie Comes To the Rescue

He slipped along to the rear of the building, still watching the window from which he had emerged. Then above the noise of shouted questions came a sound which brought a quick grin to his lips. Somewhere in the blackness of the rear alley a man was singing.

Terry slammed two quick shots at the open window, stuck his gun in the waistband of his pants and slid over the edge of the awning, hanging by his hands for just an instant before dropping to the dust of the alley. Then pulsing his gun once more he blasted a shot over the heads of the men who were crowding around the corner.

Warblin' Willie was just starting another verse about the awful waste of homespun spirit when Terry ran to meet him. Instantly the Andrews voice took on a tone of loud complaint.

"Lemme alone, puh blasted polecat!" he howled. "Yo' and me is quits after the way yo' been a-doin'. Git away from me now! He was already out of the saddle and handling the reins to Terry. "Let my bronc alone!" he yelled. Then in a whisper: "Head back through the alley and git outa town. I'll fool 'em as long as I kin. Hurry now!"

Terry swung into the saddle as Willie put on another loud show of outrage, firing into the air as Donovan put spurs to the pony and dashed away to the south. By that time other guns were spilling angry lead from the upper windows of the hotel and Terry knew better than to wait around. Willie would take care of himself, all right.

Pounding hoofbeats sounded behind him before he was fairly clear of the town but he kept to his southerly direction. He did not dare head for the Flyly wagon now; that would simply lead the whole crooked outfit straight to him. His first job was to lose those frantic pursuers. After that he would find a way to return the girl's property to her.

He didn't want to risk a night ride into strange country so he continued south along Mud Creek with the idea of reaching the Chisholm Trail. He let his pony have its head, keeping an ear cocked to the shrilling clamor of pursuit but he raid had been a complete success but he was worried about how Willie would fare at the hands of the angry hoemen and punlers. It went against the grain to run out on a friend but he couldn't see himself with the thought that Willie was putting on a pretty good act. He would probably be able to talk himself out of any serious danger, particularly since the nesters themselves would be taking charge. They had been skillfully hoodwinked by Barlow and his gang but there had been no bullets against Andrews. Willie would make out all right.

There was no time to worry about it. Running horses sounded behind him and he remembered the two

"What's eatin' yo', brother? Got a bad conscience?"

animals which Hapes and his companions had left in the Iron Trail stable yard. The prompt pursuit he made matters pretty dangerous; he would have to take steps to get rid of those two or they might leave a trail for the others.

He started to cut toward Mud Creek but thought better of it almost as quickly as he swung the bronc's head. Maybe it would be better to continue the role of hunted animal for a while. It would serve to draw the hunt away from Jim Leonard—and Sue was the one who was really in danger. Accordingly he rode straight into the south, content to make it appear that he was headed for the Chisholm Trail.

He was clear of town and racing away toward the south before he realized that the pursuit under him was the roan which Tooker had given him. The saddle was his own also; there was no mistaking its familiarity. Obviously Willie Andrews had deliberately planted himself back of the Iron Trail in anticipation of just such an emergency as had developed. The thought bothered him but he kept to his course. Willie would have planned protective measures for himself when he made his play.

Terry kept his pony headed southward but he was sure that he remained some distance west of the Chisholm Trail. He remembered Hapes's remark about a rider tailing the Bar-O out of town. It would not be good strategy to meet that man coming back; it would betray the line of retreat. Not only that but he would probably have to kill the man or he report would get back to Hapes that Donovan was riding alone. He couldn't let the gang know that Sue had been left behind.

Terry Divulges His Plans

He swung sharply to the west as he approached the nearly dry bed of the few-by hill but the move was merely a ruse. He stopped to listen when he was on the south bank of the stream but could hear no sound of pursuit. Then he angled back toward the Chisholm, confident that he would be able to overtake the Bar-O outfit without running afoul of any trailing nesters.

He could feel the difference when he struck the hard packed belt of ground which marked the cattle trail. Thousands of hoofs had already beaten it into a condition which identified it even by night. He swung south now and let his pony out again, overtaking a party of horsemen within a matter of minutes.

A suspicious voice challenged sharply and Terry knew that the men ahead of him had halted warily. "Howdy, Sam," he called. "Is that Abilene man still with you?"

"Nope. He turned back quite a spell ago. Who are you?"

"Donovan. I just wanted to make sure about that Jasper before I declared myself."

Tooker's voice cut in then and there was a general chorus of questions as Terry rode up. "What's goin' on?" Tooker demanded. "How many people have you accumulated tonight and where's Lynch and Andrews?"

Upon told the whole story, as far as its many angles would permit. "Willie supplied me with a horse, for a getaway," he concluded. "I never did see Hank Lynch."

"He'll be along, I reckon," Tooker commented. "They didn't let me in on what they were planning to do but they're a pretty tough pair when it comes to looking out for themselves. What are you figuring to do next?"

"I'm going back to town as soon as the horror dies away." The words sounded calm enough but there was a certain grimness in them which made Tooker confine his question to a mere "Why?"

It can't possibly do anything by hiding and dodging," Donovan said slowly. "I'll have to run away this time because I wanted to draw the bunch away from Sue Leonard's trail. Maybe it's a good maneuver but I'm not sure that it won't do anything for me in the long run. The only answer to my problem is in Abilene—so I'm going back."

"You Don't Say"

"I don't exactly savvy. All I'm sure of is that I've got to break that Barlow bunch up. I'm sure that this whole gang—so he's the man to call it a gang—has banded out with Hapes and men like him; I've got to get rid of as many honest farmers for his crooked schemes."

"Sounds like a big job," Tooker commented dryly. "My impression was that all the honest farmers were pretty much sold on your friend Barlow. You've got to have the whole county if you want him."

"I know it's tough—but then, most of the things that are worth having are hard to get. Sometimes maybe I'll find a way to get at him and show him up without having to fight the others."

"You'd better find a way! There are too many nesters in this part of the country for you to tackle 'em all."

"That's not the important part. I'm not going to fight nesters if I can help it—for the simple reason that I don't have any quarrel with them. Neither do you. Maybe some day there will be fences enough on the range so that trouble will come up between farmers and cattlemen. But right now the whole thing is a plain, a clever scheme of Barlow's to cover up his own thievery. If I can bost him I'll be doing a good turn for cattlemen and farmers alike." He laughed shortly. "Of course it isn't the reason I'm interested in. I've got to break Barlow first or else!"

"Sorry we can't help," Tooker said simply. "You've got everybody against you."

"Not quite everybody," Terry chuckled. "There's an old woman on my side now. She's a tough gal . . . spitfire from the window sash to Hank Lynch if he comes along without me seeing him. I'll probably manage to meet Andrews if we both live long enough."

There was a volley of bantering remarks as he wheeled his bronc and headed back into the darkness. The Bar-O men knew that this was no boast—maybe forever—but no one admitted the fact in his time. Terry knew it too but he was smiling as he moved northward again. It would be pleasant if all farewells could be handled so casually.

A Meeting With Lynch

He rode with considerable caution the night ahead of him even as he busied himself with plans for the next few hours. The bulk of the night was already gone and he realized all too well that Sue should be safely out of town before daylight. Still he knew that it would be foolhardy to make any hasty moves. Nonest were reputed to be most uncomfortable, even when applied by honest but misguided men.

A mile beyond the Smoky Hill he pulled up abruptly as his ear caught the sound of movement on the trail ahead. He quieted his bronc hastily but when he listened there was no sound of anything wrong. Then his ear caught the quick stamp of a restless hoof. A rider was out there ahead of him, a wary rider who was playing the same listening game.

He was about ready to circle off to the left in hopes of avoiding the stranger when the hoofbeats began again. The man was coming on. Donovan dropped his hand to his gun and waited, his eyes straining into the night.

Then a figure materialized out of the gloom and a familiar voice demanded, "What's eatin' yo', brother? Got a bad conscience?"

Donovan chuckled. "Evening, Hank," he said, trying to make it sound as casual as though he customarily met his friends under such conditions. "What was new in the big city when you left?"

"You had me plumb nervous. I sure dodged so much tonight that I can't get used to the idea of ridin' straight up to a spot and talkin' him where to go."

Terry nodded solemnly. "That's what comes o'leading a wicked life. What happened in town?"

Lynch still played in along the same line. "Big doin's," he said. "A crazy sewpumker what just got fired from the Bar-O went into the Iron Trail, killed an old man and run off with a gal and some money."

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Parish School Honor Roll

Grade I—Maurice Wagoner.
Grade II—Alvin McIntosh, Sue Sparks, Ann Smith and Roy Smith.
Grade III—Keith Crouch, Goldie Harris, Eggler Lyman and Minnie McClarty.
Grade IV—Jean Bowen, Billie Allen Grimes, Anita King and Earl Thomas Smith.
Grade V—Carole Donovan, Beulah Harris and Vernon Wagoner.
Grade VI—Lucille Crouch.
Grade VIII—Margaret Crouch.
Honorable Mention:
Grade I—Ronald Sexton and Anna Gounce.
Grade II—Betty C. Sexton.
Grade III—Sylvia McCarty and Helen Wagoner.
Grade V—Billy Lyman.
Grade VI—Theda Bailey.
Grade VII—Delano Smoot.

Parks 4-H Club News

The Parks 4-H club held its fourth monthly meeting, Monday in Mrs. Ferguson's room at the Parks school. The club pledge was said and the roll was called with all members present. We answered and the roll by naming a safety precaution. The minutes were read and approved.

The following program was given:

One Champion is Crowned Again, Wayne Spegal. A Lot of Work, Mary Dexter. A Sheepman from Simpson County, Bobby Wade. Good Clothes and Plenty of Them, Mary Lou Lee. Living With What You Have, Delesia Gaunce. Housekeeping Means Work, Wm. Results, Lucille Crouch. Top Honors to a Home Maker, Alma M. Hamilton. Five Acres of Championship Corn, Albert Bailey. Dairy Champion is a Shoeman Too, Emma Rector.—Margaret Crouch, Reporter.

Parks Homemakers

The Parks Homemakers Club held their December meeting at the home of Mrs. S. B. Bailey. Mrs. Marion Davis, president, presided and Mrs. Kash Grimes led the devotional.

Roll call was answered with "A Family Christmas tradition which we observe is . . ." and the

The members gave suggestions for Christmas decorations. Mrs. Miss Dorothy Howe demonstrated a table decoration. The meeting adjourned at noon for a Christmas dinner.

Mrs. Warner Lowe, reading chairman, gave a very interesting book report, "The Country Kitchen" by Della Lutes, followed by the poem, "Rock Me To Sleep." The reading report was given to Mrs. Lowe. Christmas presents were exchanged and Mrs. W. M. Wagoner, recreation leader, led the members in several games.

There were 14 members present.

The January meeting will be with Mrs. Warner Lowe—Mrs. Rubel Williams, Publicity chairman.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

HIGHLIGHTS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By NEWMAN CAMPBELL

(The International Uniform Lesson on the above topic for December 21 is Revelation 5:15; Isaiah 9:2-7; Luke 2:1-20. Golden Text, Isaiah 9:6, 14, "The Father hath sent the Son to be Saviour of the world.")

SEVERAL CHAPTERS of Revelation are part of today's lesson, which is titled "The Prince of Peace." It seems a little incongruous in such a lesson to read the vision of John who is filled with rage and grief at the tortures and death of men and women whose only fault was their faith in Christ, and refusal to adopt the emperor worship demanded of them.

It seems much more appropriate to narrate the prophesy of Isaiah of the coming of Christ, and the tender story of His birth, at this time. However, after all the terrible beasts that appeared in John's vision, to enslave the people of the earth and to tempt them, we are given a beautiful scene of the joy of those who resisted the beasts and whom John saw "as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire," —"them that come off victorious from the beast, and from his image, and from the number of his name, standing by the sea of glass, having harps of God."

Seven hundred years before Christ was born, Isaiah, the prophet, wrote the prophesy of His coming which we quote today.

The Prophecy

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given and the government shall be upon His shoulder, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Coun. ellor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice from henceforth even for ever"

This will come when the Lord reigns on earth in peace and justice, and there will come a time when men will forget their unfriendliness and hatreds and the Prince of Peace will govern with equity for all. We must have faith that that day will come, and look and work for it. It seems never when we re-read the story of the Saviour's birth.

I think it would be pleasant if the children were to tell the story in their words ,one starting it, another taking up where the first left off, and so on through the class, if there is time.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

Platter Chatter

The Christmas Song
King Cole Trio—Eddy Howard
Christmas Dreaming
Dick Haymes
White Christmas
Bing Crosby—Frank Sinatra—Perry Como
Adiste Fidelis
Nelson Eddy—Lynn Murray Singers
Jingle Bells
Ethel Smith—Tommy Dorsey
Silent Night
Bing Crosby—Kate Smith—Frank Sinatra
Here Comes Santa Claus
Gene Autry
Santa Claus Is Coming To Town
Bing Crosby—Tommy Dorsey
Joy To The World
Lynn Murray Singers
Christmas Island
Andrew Sisters

ALBUMS

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Merry Christmas To All
Bing Crosby
Christmas Songs
Perry Como
Peter and the Wolf
Basil Rathbone

Children's Albums

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Little Red Hen
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Jack and the Beanstalk
Puss In Boots
Why The Chimes Rang
Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer
Nursery Songs
Snow White

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MILLTOWN

By Mrs. Sterling Jackson (Delayed)

Miss Carrie Jackson was a guest of Mrs. Sterling Jackson, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Denton and son of Whetstone were weekend guests of Mr. Denton's mother, Mrs. Stella Denton.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Purcelle and sons of Fleming were the weekend guests of Mrs. Purcelle's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mitchell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Mitchell and son and Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Denton and son were Sunday guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mitchell and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirley Smith are the parents of a daughter. She has been named Bonnie Lou. Mrs. Smith before her marriage was Miss Susie Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hermie Clark, of near Milltown.

LITTLE ROCK

By Mrs. Luther Brierly (Delayed)

Woman's Day was observed at the Little Rock Christian church Sunday with a large crowd present. Mrs. Ernest Prather, president of the Women's Missionary society, made several remarks as to the first observance of Woman's Day and the subject discussed during the year World Evangelism.

The speaker Miss Lucy Peterson, Lexington and Midway, was introduced by Mrs. Tom Prather. She used for her subject "A Woman's Throne". She discussed four major topics or reasons as to why a throne was associated with womanhood. First:, "Queenly by Nature" where she mentioned the innate purpose of womanhood as that of a wife, mother and homemaker, thus earning the most beautiful names or words in the English language—Mother and Home. Second: Wise and Just Authority where she discussed the great responsibility to be able to make wise and just decisions in the rearing of families. Third: Worthy Recognition in which she discussed the importance of respect and recognition of the mother in her never endless labor for her family. Fourth: Never Ceasing influence where she emphasized the fact that Woman held the key to the formation of Character and that her influence whether right or wrong fashioned the mold that determined the individual.

Also during this Service the candle which was used as a symbol of respect for the boys and girls in service during the war was discontinued and extinguished by the pastor, Rev. Henry Webb, with a beautiful and reverent prayer of Thanksgiving for the safe return of the soldiers and a memorial to those who died across the sea.

Mrs. Henry Webb who is a patient at the Good Samaritan hospital, Lexington, is reported as improving very satisfactorily.

Mrs. Grace Prather, Carlisle is spending a few days this weeks with relatives in Little Rock.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

"Is the Universe, Including Man, Evolved by Atomic Energy" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon which will be read in all Christian Science churches throughout the world on Sunday.

The Golden Text is "The word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in Truth . . . For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast." (Ps. 33:4,9)

Among the citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon is the following from the Bible: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." (Gen. 1:1)

The Lesson-Sermon also includes the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy: "The true theory of the universe, including man, is not in material history but in spiritual development. Inspired thought relinquishes a material, sensual, and mortal theory of universe, and adopts the spiritual and immortal." (P. 547)

Vets Told About Meat

How to put up meat for winter use was demonstrated by Miss Roberta Lewis, Larue county home demonstration agent, to two groups of veterans and their wives. Sausage, pork chops, liver and beef cubes were canned in various type cans.

Twenty-four 4-H clubs in Mercer county have a membership of 914 boys and girls.

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Teakettle, 2½-quart Chromium	3.50
Pressure Pan, 4-quart Masillon	12.50
Aristocrat Cooker, 7-quart Burpee	18.50
Toastwell Toaster, fully automatic	18.50
Co-Op DeLuxe Vacuum Cleaner	35.00
DeLuxe attachments for sweeper	10.00

Garland Gas Range with Robertshaw Oven, $114.95

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